

ric and dumb and cold as death self tay the dry mesa. It was late at The coyotes had ceased to wil. The owis no longer gave forth eir dismai hoots. No breath stirred the leaves of the dry greasewood and sage. The cold stars shone out as they only shine through the rare, clear air of the desert. The alim horn of a cold moon, dropping down over the far away buttes, glinted the wheel worn edges of two steel raffs that ran away into the blankness on either side of the spot. Near the railroad track stood a ghostly telegraph pole, and its wires also ran away into the blankness. If there were any sounds at all in the air, they came from these wires. But they must have been mere whis perings, for the man who lay awake under them heard them not.

The man was frightfully, strainedly awake. But by his side, and under the same blanket, lay another man who was sound asleep.

It is best for a supersensitive man to aleep, and sleep soundly, if he must needs lie on the desert under the stars. It is an awful thing for such a one to be cursed by sleeplessness at such a time and in such a place.

The horrible stillness, the dumbness of nature weighed upon the wakeful man, who lay there upon his back, looking up at the myriad eyes that peeped through the dark roof of the world. He feit the oppressiveness of it all as keenly as he felt the numbing of the chill night air.

He turned on his unyielding bed of sand and heard the crackle of a sage twig under his body. A pistol shot would have sounded no louder to his overwrought ear. Why did the sound not awaken the sleeper at his side? If only he would awake or even turn. But poor, tired man, he had tramped many a long mile over the burning plain, through alkali dust and by sage

and cateus wastes. Let him sleep. The sleepless one raised his hand to his face, on which the skin was tightly drawn. How hot the unwinking eye of heaven had blazed upon him through the day! It seemed to have seared his cheek and forehead.

"God! If I had but one glass of rum one glass?" he groaned, half aloud.

And then he went over his life, and

made himself to see clearly why he had become so dependent upon a tiery fluid for his peace of mind. It was the thirst-the cursed thirst-that had built itself up within him out of the very elements with which he had thought to appease it. And the conse-quences of that thirs! His mind ran back to his home. How she must hate him-that patient wife, who had borne with him so long! Did she? Was it hate that blazed from her eyes when they had had that final quarrel, and he had left her, never to return? He could not bring himself to think that it was He was so frightfully alone so ch in need of being in some one's kindly thoughts that-

The man at his side did turn at last. But he settled down at once to peaceful slumber. He had not awakened. If he only would awake, his cheery Irish banter would make the night less hideous for a time, perhaps; but let him sleep. He should not trespass on his good nature by arousing him. Although only the acquaintance of a day, he had, in his genial Celtie way, been more than kind. He had given a most unworthy and undeserving man food from his slim store, and now he was sharing with him his poor, thin blanket An unworthy man-yes, most unworthy. Had he not left his wife to shift for herself? Had he not wholly deserted her? Yes, but she no longer loved him. He had been such a drag apon her-such a burden. She was better off without him-far better. The immoving tide of this heavy thought hight weigh upon him. What a differbore down upon him more than all the oppressiveness of the night silence on the desert, more than the fearful thirst. It was better that she should live without him-far better. He was unworthy. How out off he seemed from the whole world! The little warmth he felt from the man's body, lying by his own, made its impress on his mind. In spite of all his desire for independence when he had started off on that wild journey with only a few coins in his pocket, his hot assertion that he could go his way without reference to others seemed now to have been a part of his weakness of character. Even the strongest must lean upon some one. None could go their way wholly alone. How independent was the whole race of man.

And she had leaned on him. Perhaps she did still in a way. Formight she not be looking for him to come back? It was not likely that she even dreamed he was a thousand miles away. What were a thousand miles, after all? He had not been long in passing them over. It would not take long to retrace them.

With these thoughts tingling in his brain he could no longer lie there. He must be up in motion.

No he aruse and lamely made his way to the railroad track, leaving his friend of a day to sleep it out alone. He stepped between the rails and him. halted there, facing the telegraph pole. To the right was the way of the free Another tramp gone to Kingdom mae, without wife or home. To the Come."

left the way led back to her have almost billed her by my see about it?" pecklemmens," he thought: "why should I go back to complete the job?"

He glanced over his right shoulder 'Het that may mean the same thing. Man in alone and Talabens, Still to go

back means-God!" he sobbed, "why can't I be a man""

His eyes sought the stare.

"Yes, I can be." He hook off his hat and raised high ly, in pairs and by packs, but their pahis hand. Then he spoke, while yet triotion now demanded something looking up, and the still night air more deafening

my desire for driving in check, and that next them together, place them under a I will strive to make myself worthy of the good women who hears my name.

No help me God. Asses." Then down the puck track he strule boxish boxes.

Sercely, elluching Wie hands so he swung them at his sides.

Two hours later he stepped upon the platform of the station at Tonno. There he stopped to rest. It was still dark, add no one was about to look at him suspiciously as upon a tramp, and to tell him to be off.

From a small building across the way lights were shining. Through the open doorway he saw men sitting about a stove. He heard their load jokes and hearty laughs. How warm and comfortable they seemed. And he was bitterly cold. He went nearer to the place. As he approached it, a man came and stood in the doorway. Strange to say, this man greeted him

with a cordial, "Hello, pardner!"

He made some sort of reply, in a shaky voice, for his teeth were chat-

"Trampin' to Frisco?"

"Wal, it's good walkin', ain't it?" "O, yes." Why should his teeth chatter so?

"Say, now, pardner, I kin tell you suthin' that beats walkin' all to pieces.

"What is it?" "Why, 'bout half a mile up the railroad there's a heavy grade on a curve. When the emigrant trains goes up there she don't go fast-not much faster'n a horse and wagon. You kin jump on without any trouble or without any of the train hands noticin' you. as they would at a station, and you kin go into a keer and sleep all the rest of the night. When you wake up in the morning you'll be at Mesilla, seventyfive miles from here. That's two big days' journey for a man travelin'

It is worth trying.
"When will the train be along?" "In 'bout an hour."

"Thank you."
"Say," and the voice grew kindly, "ain't you pretty blame cold? Come inside awhile and warm up."

He followed the man into the house. There was a bar there and some men were before it drinking. His new friend led him up to the bar.

This would not do. There was his resolve to consider. Well, he was on his way back home-that much was settled. And as for drinking there would be just this one glass, to warm him up. He was really very cold and numb, and needed it. As it was to be just one and the last, it was well that it should be a large, warming draught. So he poured the glass nearly full. He felt the fire of it as it went down. Yes, it did warm one-that was certain. He had eaten so little that the hot liquid swiftly set up its reign in his tired brain, and when his new comrade urged another and still another upon him he could not

"Now, I reckon you better git up the track if you're goin' to git that free Pullman pass o'your'n from Toano to Mesilla, with no change o' keers," remarked his entertainer. glancing at

He started up. "Good-by," he said; "God bleth you."

His tongue was thick, though his gait was fairly steady. He could walk very fast now, and soon he was up the grade and at the curve. How strong



"THE LIGHT PROM AN ONCOMING LOCOMO TIVE SHOT UP THE TRACK."

his nerves were. No longer did the ent man he was from the creature who had limped along the ties a few hours ago. How much firmer of purpose.

The light from an oncoming locomotive shot up the track. The iron giant coughed, wheezed and panted. It was truly a hard pull up the Toano grade. He stood by the side of the track as the dazzling headlight glared upon him for a moment. How firm he was, but how he would have trembled had he gone there unbraced for the ordeal. He did not tremble now. It was a long train. The cars, with their dull lights. passed slowly at first, but they gathered speed as they went along. He would not wait for the last, for that was the caboose, and in it was the conductor. What speed the train had gathered! Still, it was not going very fast, he thought. Now was the time. It would be two days' foot journey nearer to her. He would soon be at

He grasped a hand rail, lifted one foot up, missed one step and was thrown with relentless force under the

There was a wild cry, a crunching sound and the train had passed, leaving the light dust it had stirred up to settle down upon the angeloush leaves.

"Say, Rill, I beard some one yell." It was a trainman who spoke and it was the head brakeman who heard

"So did I-it was under the can

"We ought to stop-hadn't wes- and Stop on the Touno grade? How wild you talk. You must have been

PELEG WEATHERWAX'S FOURTH

Uncle Paley Weatherwax hore in sight just so the boys seven preparing for the biggest explosion of the day. They had abot off fire-crackers sing-

They had half a dozen large cannon I swear that hereafter I will bold eractors, and it was proposed to conbarrel and explode the whole at simaltenuously, and thus give expression | server a starty on to the love of country which tiled such bursque, bethe U.S. 100 Will Mill Selled Son

Uncle Peleg Weatherwax turned the corner just as Billy Barlow had laid the fuse and everything was ready for lighting, but Pegleg had seen none

of the preparations. The boys considerately waited while he should go by, but the old gentleman did not seem inclined to proceed. Taking a seat on the barrel, he looked around at the boys and observed:

Well, youngsters, her yer been enjoying Independence Day""
"Yes, sir," replied Billy Barlow, respectfully.

Shootin' crackers, and cannon and sich, I s'pose?" "Yes, sir."

"That's right! That's what I like ter see boys a doin' on Independence day. I ain't one of the chaps as is allers tryin' ter 'breviate the privileges of the boy, an' wantin' 'em to keep quiet an' never hev no fun. Still, it seems ter me 's if the boys nowadays don't know how to get up a big excisement like they used to when I was young. Why, we just had this old town fairly crazy by the racket. The noise you fellers have been makin' today is just a gentle whisper to what old Jake Hinkle and Chad Parker and me and a half a dozen other young fellows used to make. Why, my father used to say he couldn't even hear himself think on the Fourth. If I was you fellers I'd feel ashamed at the quiet way you celebrate glorious old Independence day. There's no excitement at all, and the noise you make isn't worthy to be called-"

If Uncle Peleg Weatherwax finished his sentence he must have done so somewhere in the air. Certain it is the boys did not hear the conclusion.

While the old gentleman was extolling the superiority of the Fourth of by-gone years and depreciating that of the present, Billy Barlow had applied a match to the fuse, and when the speaker had reached just so far in his remarks the fire touched the powder, the six cannon crackers exploded unanimously, and the barrel and Uncle Peleg were lifted skyward.

It seemed like adding insult to injury when Billy Barlow asked the old gentleman, after he alighted, if it was noisy enough for him, and Mr. Weatherwax seemed to regard it much in the same light, for he hobbled off declaring he would have every one of the crowd arrested—but he didn't.

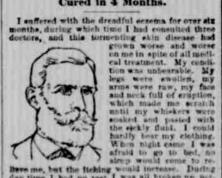
Flowers for Bridesmalds. There are a number of pretty and effective ways that flowers can be arranged for bridesmaids. The conventional way is to make a round bouquet, arranged carelessly, using the folinge of the flowers of which the bouquet is composed. As the bride's bouquet is also white, those carried by the bridesmaids should, as a contrast, have some color. If the bride, in choosing her attendants, has been fortunate in securing decided blondes and brunettes, strong and beautiful color contrasts can be obtained in both gowns and flowers. The flat cluster, or "rustic bunch," is often used. In arranging such a cluster it is wise to have it arranged carelessly, or rather not to interfere too much with nature. The effect should be as if the hand that carried the flowers was the hand that gathered them, with no thought of arrangement. The flowers should have long stems, and be allowed to fall as they will.

Baskets of various share flowers are often used. Leghorn hats drawn together in the shape of a basket are among the prettiest arrangements. Draw the ribbon around the center, and tie a loop and bow on the top. This can be carried either with the arm through the loop or as a basket in front. The flowers in this case should be arranged very loosely, not only giving the impression that the hat is full, but flowers tumbling out

The most picturesque arrangement for bridesmaids to carry is the "Directoire stick." These sticks are about five feet long, made of wood, either polished or covered with silk or cellulold, with a knob on top and a large bunch of flowers fastened with a bow of ribbon about a foot from the knob. A noon wedding in the country is the most appropriate at which to use these. Old-fashioned and picturesque gowns and Leghorn hats add very much to the effect.

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